

ly the productions in the different theatres are criticized and compared! Now this has always appeared to us to be a matter of individual interest, a purely personal concern, and quite as devoid of university interest as the fact, for instance, that Mr. X. plays *solitaire* in the evenings as a relief from hard study. And the questions suggests itself to me, are we really making as much as we might of our slender enough resources in this matter? Something in the way of dramatic criticism might be undertaken by the Dramatic Club and made of considerable value to the rest of the students.

Another matter is the importance given to student contributions. In a single number of the *Glasgow University Magazine* ten out of fourteen items in the table of contents are evidently from the pens of students. There are poems, character sketches, etc., all of good order of merit. The humor is polished and well wrought; the poems may not quite equal Tennyson's, but at any rate they show a trained imagination (or an imagination in training), a pleasing fancy, and are free from barbarous rhymes and mixed metaphors.

From the *Fleur-de-Lis* we clip the following because it seems to us to show a common failing in college magazine work, namely, a sort of forcing of the sentiment as if the writer imagined ideals were applied to Nature as a mustard blister is applied to a sore chest:

ON THE AVENUE

Strange and varied are the characters we encounter in our everyday life. Each has an individuality all its own, which, on being discovered, interests

and sometimes fascinates the beholder with an incommunicable charm.

I was especially impressed by this truth a day or two ago when, on my walk, I happened to notice an old negro who was driving by on an ash-wagon. His clothes, quite consistent with his occupation, were old and ragged. He was tall and lean, and his hair was besprinkled with gray. His back was bent and his hands, knotted and disabled by toil or disease, were scarcely able to guide the team of horses he was driving. His thin old face, pinched perhaps by frequent hunger, was wreathed in smiles of cheerfulness, and, from their cavernous depths his eyes beamed forth his gladness at being able to enjoy the beauty of the world about him. As he sat there philosophizing he impressed me as being a unique character as well as an optimist. Here was a man of a despised race who could teach us, his more favored brethren, precious lessons of patience and resignation. Here was one who, in the face of misfortune, could smile and say: "O Lord, I thank thee."

A southern cotton planter had on his plantation a little boy in buttons called Sam. Sam one afternoon pointed to a bottle on his master's bureau and said:

"Mars Channing, am dat hair oil?"

"Mercy, no, Sam; that's glue," said the planter.

"I guess dat's why I can't get mah cap off," said Sam thoughtfully.

The American fifty-cent piece contains, in reality, only ten cents' worth of silver. Thus, we find on the back the words: "In God we trust"—for the other forty cents.—*McGill Outlook.*